**Tracey's Humiliating Examination**

By Joe P

Tracey sat in the waiting room at the Acident and Emergency department of Eastfield General Hospital red faced.  She had been red faced when she had arrived four and a half hours before and she was still red faced.  It was nearly her turn to be seen.

At the far end of the room she saw the doctor put down her cup of coffee, fold up her copy of the Daily Mail and yawn.  She pressed a button.  Tracey gulped.  It was her turn!

Tracey sat in the cubicle with the doctor - a slip of a girl who looked about sixteen.  'Oh My God!' she thought, 'even the doctors are looking young now.'

Petite, buxom, blonde, Tracey was twenty-six and had at last landed a steady job.  The job offer had arrived that morning.  She was to start on Monday.

No more working in that shop.  Work that had got her into this situation in the first place.  She had thought that the shop was going to be a pawn shop and it had turned out to be a porn shop.  That was how she had succumbed to the temptation to use the...

"You've got what?  Where?"

The doctor was trying to keep a straight face.

"It's the end of a Fanny Tickler," Tracey felt her face burning as she stammered the words, "Mark II," she added as if that made a difference.

"And what on earth is that and what were you doing with it?"

"It goes up your fanny and tickles it," Tracey was getting hotter and redder by the minute.  This was the moment she'd been dreading.  She was going to have to explain.

"It was a special treat," she blurted out, "I'd just found out I'd got a new job."

I must here explain to those readers who are not conversant with the English vernacular, that the word 'fanny' in this context refers to a girl's pleasure hole and that the 'Fanny Tickler' in question was a vibrating girl's self-pleasurer.  Tracey had treated herself to a Mark II, which had an additional attachment for stimulating the adjacent pleasure spot.

She had been tempted into giving herself a treat when she got the job offer, and now she wished she hadn't, or at least she wished she had screwed the end on tight.

The Fanny Tickler Mark II had lived up to the hype that had so tempted Tracey.  Unfortunately in all the excitement the end had come off and was stuck up poor Tracey's pleasure hole.  Red faced and stammering she was trying to explain this to the doctor who was clearly tryiing in vain to suppress a serious attack of the giggles.

"...and the end came off," Tracey finished her explanation.

"Well..." (Hee hee hee) "we'd better..." (ha ha ha)" "get you into..." (Ha ha ha) "the gynae examination room" (ha ha ha ha ha).

She rushed out leaving poor red faced Tracey womdering what would happen next.

What did happen was that a little slip of a girl in a nurse's uniform appeared.  Her name badge declared her to be 'Angelica - Student Nurse'.  She led Tracey off to a large room with white painted walls and an examination table.

"Take your clothes of Miss and lie down on the table."

"What - all of them?"

Angelica looked puzzled as if she didn't know the answer to the question.

"I think so Miss."

She too was having difficulty keeping her face straight and rushed out leaving Tracey to it.  Poor Tracey.  She slowly took her clothes off and left them on a chair until she stood naked and shivering in the room.  She'd only been trying to give herself a treat and this was how it had ended up.

The doctor came back in.

"Well you didn't have to take everything off," she said.

Tracey moved over to her things.

"We haven't got time for that now.  Lie down on the examination couch," the doctor had put on a thin plastic glove and was lubricating her fingers.

Oh dear,  Tracey did as she was told.

"Draw up your knees and open your legs."

Tracey did as she was told again – better get it over with!  The fingers probed between her vaginal lips and slipped inside.  In and out and in and out.

“What’s the matter?” said Tracey, “Where’s it gone?”

“Oh dear.  I’m afraid you’re a bit capacious in there,” said the diminutive doctor, “my short fingers won’t reach to the end.  I can’t get it out!”

She pushed harder.  In out - in out – in out.

“Oooooh!” Tracey was getting a bit excited.

“I give up,” said the doctor, “oh dear," she didn't look too happy, "I'm going to have to send for the professor.”

Poor Tracey, rather damp and rather flushed could only nod her head in agreement.

Professor Sir Galahad Codd MB ChB FRCSE KBE wasn't too happy.  For him professoring meant walking round shouting at medical students not coming to the aid of incompetent junior doctors, but all the other consultants were at an international conference, an international conference to which he had inexplicably not been invited.  He was not a happy man.  He stroked his voluminous beard and sneered at Tracey in a supercilious way.

"I'm Professor Sir Galahad Codd," he barked, "but you can call me Professor.  You're the silly girl who was playing with herself I suppose."

Tracey nodded red faced as Professor Codd grabbed her right ankle and fastened it firmly in some sort of contraption.

"And now you expect us to sort you out," the other ankle was firmly fastened.

At that moment the little nurse, Angelica, poked her head round the door.

"The students are here," she said.

"Well send them in," barked Codd, cheering up immeasurably.  He would have some medical students to shout at.  The day wouldn't be entirely wasted.

"But..."

"Send them in.  Didn't you here me?"

"I just thought.  Considering the..." she nodded at Tracey.

"Oh she won't mind.  She plays with herself."

Oh No!  Not a bunch of medical students!  Tracey tried to escape, but her legs were held fast in the stirrups.

A group of four boys trooped in.  Tracey looked at them in disbelief.  'I'm twenty-six and I must be getting old' she thought, 'everybody looks so young'.

The boys looked open mouthed.

"Are we supposed to...?" one of them started.

"Yes, yes, of course," snapped Sir Galahad, pressing a button.

A motor whirred and Tracey felt her legs hoisted up in the air and separated wide apart.  Her bottom slid forwards until the naked Tracey provided a magnificent view of both her intimate holes to the assembled multitude.  To struggle was impossible.  She was held fast in the most embarrassing of positions.

"A most ingenious device of my own design.  The patient is presented and immobilized for examination," proclaimed Sir Galahad, grinning, "Explain to the young doctors Tracey, why you are here."

Tracey didn't think it was possible for her face to go redder.

"I'd just heard I'd got a new job and I was giving myself a treat."

"What sort of a treat?"

"I was using a toy," Tracey stammered, burning with shame and only too well aware of the eyes glued to her holes.

"What sort of a toy?"

"A Fanny Tickler Mark II.  You put it in your fanny and it tickles your clitoris.  The end came off," Tracey wailed.  She wriggled her bottom, but she was held fast.  She couldn't escape.  She had never been so humiliated in all her life.

"You!" Sir Galahad barked at a gangly youth, "examine her vagina."

"Me?"

"Yes you, of course, what are you waiting for?"

The gangly youth stepped forwards and peered closely at Tracey's private parts.

"Not like that stupid boy!  Don't they teach you anything nowadays.  Get a glove on and stick your fingers in."

The gangly youth nervously went in search of an examination glove.

"You and you!" Sir Galahad snapped at a podgy student and a spotty one, "show me how to feel her breasts.  We may as well make use of demonstration material while we're at it."

The two students poked  nervously at Tracey's bosoms, prodigiously large and firm they stood up vertically like twin peaks.

"Not like that!  They're not giant blancmanges with cherries on the top - even if they do look like them.  Put your hand flat on them and roll them round and round, then give them a hard squeeze!"

"Oh!  Ooh!  Ooooh!"

Simultaneously Tracey felt both breasts squeezed and two fingers go up her vagina.

"What can you feel boy?"

"Er...  Nothing Sir."

"Good God!" Sir Galahad was getting more and more exasperated, "You boy!"

Sir Galahad enjoyed calling medical students 'Boy'.  It reminded him of his old student days under his mentor Sir William Smellie.  He had been a Smellie boy, and now he carried on the tradition.

"You boy," he shouted at the one student not somehow occupied with various parts of Tracey's anatomy, "what do you do now."

"I don't know Sir..." He stammered.

The puce faced Sir Galahad nearly exploded.

"Stick a finger up her..."

Tracey hadn't thought things could get any worse.  Now she knew she had been wrong.

Held immobile with both her ample bosoms being freely massaged, two fingers up her front orifice and an indeterminate number up the rear she closed her eyes and thought about her new job.  She visualised the letter informing her of her acceptance 'We are pleased to offer you the post of Social Studies teacher at Eastfield Comprehensive School' - her dream come true!  She wondered what the pupils would be like.

Rupert Chambers had never had his fingers up a girl's secret place before; indeed he'd never even seen a girl's secret place before.

He wondered if he should tell the old bloke with a beard that they weren't medical students.  He thought perhaps not, it might upset him.

It had been his lucky day, being chosen to go on the school fact finding trip to the hospital.  And next week they were getting a new Social Studies teacher!

***Tracey's Humiliating Examination Part 2***

Tracey lay back on the examination couch; she was immobilised by her feet  fastened tight in the stirrups.  Stark naked, her legs held apart, her orifices (front and back) were open to close inspection and probing fingers.

"Oooooh!" Another set of probing fingers found their way up Tracey's posterior orifice.  The boys of Eastfield Comprehensive were really enjoying their fact finding day at the hospital.

They had discovered many new and interesting facts: for example, if you put one finger up a girl's posterior orifice she went "Oh!", but if you put two fingers up she went "Ooooooooooooh!"

They hadn't known that before!  They also hadn't known that if you put two fingers up her front orifice and tickled the little button just in front of it, she not only went "Oooooooooooooh!", she bucked about in a most entertaining way.

In all this probing and tickling however nobody managed to retrieve the end off the Fanny Tickler Mark III that was firmly lodged at the top end of her pleasure hole.

Sir Galahad Codd MB ChB FRCSE KBE looked impatiently at his gold fob watch and shook it.

"You boy!" He shouted at Rupert Chambers, "what's the bleeding time."

Rupert Chambers had an A\* in GCSE human biology.  He knew the answer to that one.

"Four and a half minutes Sir!"

"What do you mean four and a half minutes!  It must be nearly one o'clock.  Time for my lunchtime lecture."

He looked round the room.

"Come on boys.  Mustn't be late.  It's my lecture today and I'm sure you won't want to miss that!"

They all marched out leaving Tracey still strung up on the stirrups, her orifices tingling as a result of their recent exploration.

Sir Galahad Codd was going to show them!  Boring indeed!  That was what the Dean of Medicine had said.  Well they wouldn't find today's lecture boring.  He ushered the boys into the lecture theatre and looked round the packed seats with satisfaction.  It was standing room only.

Back in the examination room Tracey tried to struggle free but was held in place by the stirrups.  It took ten minutes of shouting before little Nurse Angelica appeared at the door.

"I've been sent to see what all the shouting is about," she said.

"I'm shouting because I'm stuck with my legs in the air and I've still got the end of the Fanny Tickler Mark III up my..."

"Up your what?"

"Up my...  You know."

"No I don't."

"Yes you do.  It's up my whatsit."

"Your whatsit?  What's a whatsit."

"Yes my er....  Thingy."

"Your thingy?"

"Yes my thingy-whatsit."

Realisation dawned on Angelica.

"You mean it's stuck up your cunt!"

"Well... Er... Yes," it wasn't a word Tracey liked to use.

"Yes a cunt.  That's what we in the medical profession call it.  I hadn't heard the word either before I started nursing, but the other girls told me it was the proper medical word.  You should learn the medical terms for these things then you can talk about them without embarrassment."

And just to think.  All these years Tracey had thought it was a really rude word.  She hadn't realised it was a proper medical term.

"I'll go and see if we're allowed to let you down," Angelica disappeared out the door.  The minutes passed by.  Various people popped their heads in to admire the view, then disappeared, eventually Angelica reappeared.

'You're to follow me," she said, releasing Tracey's feet.

"Do I get my clothes back?"

"Apparently not."

Back in the lecture theatre Sir Galahad Codd glowered at the assembled throng.  He was delighted to see so many students keen on his special research subject.

"Welcome to my lunchtime lecture," he started, his clipped Morningside accent booming through the auditorium, "I am pleased to see so many of you share the results of my research into..."

Angelica was leading the still naked Tracey down a long corridor.

"Don't I get a gown or something?" Tracey was a bit disconcerted by the stares of the passers-by.

"Oh no," said Angelica, "hospital economy drive.  The chief administrator says patients have no need to be embarrassed.  Here we are anyway.  Just go through this door."

"...the female orgasm," Tracey heard Sir Galahad's voice as she stepped through the door.

She blinked unaccustomed to the bright lights.  Then she looked round and shrieked.  She was standing stark naked on a raised dais at the front of a large lecture theatre.  A sea of faces gazed down at her.

"...and here to give us a practical demonstration is our volunteer...  Tracey!"

Stranded naked in front of the audience Tracey didn't know where to turn.  She had no recollection of having volunteered, but how could she run when she had no clothes on and still had the end of her Fanny Tickler Mark III stuck up her whatsit-thingy.

"In investigating the development of the female orgasm," continued Sir Galahad, "it is important to be able to determine scientifically  the level of sexual arousal of the subject. Come over here dear," he motioned to Tracey.

"Now Tracey, can you tell the students what you are doing here."

Tracey stood there quivering knock kneed and blushing furiously.

"I got something stuck up my..." she took a deep breath, "up my cunt."

She was glad she now knew that was the proper medical word, she'd have thought it was very rude otherwise.

"Up your what!" Sir Galahad was somewhat taken back.

"Up my cunt," Tracey shouted out nervously, slightly discomforted by the roar that greeted the word..

"Well that's as may be, you have kindly volunteered today to be the subject of our demonstration of female sexual arousal."

"Oh,' said Tracey, taken aback.

"When studying female sexuality Sir Galahad addressed his audience again, "it is necessary to have a method of measuring the level or arousal.  You may not be aware of the fact, but when a girl becomes sexually aroused her nipples become erect.  I have invented this device.  He picked up something that looked remarkably like a nipple clamp and attached it to Tracey's left nipple.

"Ow!"

He picked up another and attached it to her right nipple.

"Ow!  Ow!"

"These clamps measure the level of nipple erection.  Indicating the degree of sexual arousal."

He picked up something that looked like a long probe.

"Bend over Tracey."

It was a long probe.  Tracey felt it inserted up her bottom.

"This probe measures pelvic engorgement and vaginal moisture levels.  It is an indicator of impending orgasm."

Sir Galahad flicked a switch and a large screen next him lit up with a giant number 10.

"As you can see she is now ten percent aroused.  But if I..." And he took a pinch of Tracey's bare left buttock in his hand and gave it a nip.

"Ooooh!"

The number shot up to twenty.

"A little stimulation of an erogenous zone results in an engorgement of the nipples indicated by an increase in the arousal level indicated by the equipment."

Sir Galahad picked up another clip and attached it to Tracey's left ear.

"This lead measures blood flow through the ear - an indication of how red her face is and how embarrassed she feels.  Part of today's experiment will be to see if there is a correlation between her level of embarrassment and her level of sexual arousal.

He flicked a switch and a second display indicated a figure of 113.

"Ah," said Sir Galahad, "I thought her face was looking rather red.  Let us try another experiment.  Tracey, why did you come to the hospital."

"I got the end of a Fanny Tickler Mark III stuck up my cunt."

The embarrassment metre shot up to 327 as Tracey felt her face glowing.  She was glad she knew the proper medical word for it - she might have said something really rude like 'vagina' otherwise!

"Yes, it works," said Sir Galahad

"Finally," said Sir Galahad, "we have this," and he produced what Tracey recognised as a Fanny Tickler Mark III, "this is an orgasm inducer to be used only when the red light flashes.  Now for the experiment proper.  You boy!"

He pointed at a spotty faced youth.

"Come and tickle erogenous zone 1."

The youth came out.  He had no idea where erogenous zone 1 was and Sir Galahad had to demonstrate that he was supposed to tickle Tracey's impressive titties.  The arousal metre climbed to an impressive 38.

"You boy!  Erogenous zone 2."

This turned out to be Tracey's bum.  Sir Galahad was able to demonstrate that simultaneously tickling a girl's titties and her bum at the same time had a marked synergistic effect!  The arousal meter climbed to sixty percent and the embarrassment meter nearly reached the thousand mark!  Tracey could feel her face glowing.

"You boy!"

Rupert Chambers stepped nervously forwards.

"Legs apart Tracey.  Now work up to erogenous zone 3."

Rupert needed neither further encouragement nor explanation.  He started tickling the inside of Tracey's thighs and working slowly upwards.

The level of Tracey's excitement could be seen by all as the arousal meter crept up to 80 percent and the embarrassment indicator soared past the thousand mark.  Tracey's face was so red it could have been used as a traffic light.

But Tracey didn't need to look at the meter to know what was happening.  She could feel the dampness in her vagina, no her 'cunt' - she must remember to call it that!

She could feel involuntary contractions start in her pelvis.  She couldn't control it much longer.

"Oh!   Ooooh!  Ooooooooh!" she cried out, "My cunt!  My cunt!  Tickle my cunt please!"

Rupert needed no second bidding.  The arousal machine started flashing, the embarrassment indicator crossed the five thousand mark and the impending orgasm warning showed red alert.

"Up my cunt!  Up my cunt!" yelled Tracey, face and cunt simultaneously feeling on fire.

Rupert picked up the Fanny Tickler Mark III, switched it on, and inserted it.

Suddenly the whole room seemed to explode as wave after wave of sheer ecstasy swept over Tracey!  Her hips bucked, her back arched, her pelvis spasmed, and it seemed to Tracey that bells were ringing at a deafening volume in her head.

At last the waves of pleasure subsided.  She opened her eyes.  Smoke filled the room, the fire alarm was ringing and flames shot out of the the arousal machine.  The strength of Tracey's orgasm had caused it to explode.

The students, Sir Galahad at the fore, were rushing for the exits

Tracey, stopping only to retrieve the Fanny Tickler Mark III, rushed after them.

\*\*\*\*

Two hours later Tracey sat forlornly in the Emergency Department of the hospital waiting area.  Her clothes seemed to have vanished for ever.  She was stark naked.

Angelica, the little nurse, came over to her with a clip board.

"Can you tell me what the problem is Miss?" she enquired politely.

Tracey flushed.

"I've got a probe stuck up my whatsit..."

"You mean you c..."

"No the other one."

"You mean your arsehole Miss.  That's the proper medical term for it.  The older nurses explained it to me."

She turned to look at the reception desk.

"This one's got a probe stuck up her arsehole!" she yelled.

Tracey was somehow glad she wasn't still hooked up to the embarrassment indicator!